

APOSTLES OF FREEDOM

By the same author:

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM

THE SECRET OF ASIA

SRI KRISHNA

MY MOTHERLAND

INDIA IN CHAINS

**THE SPIRIT AND STRUGGLE
OF ISLAM**

INDIA ARISEN

In the Press:

KRISHNA'S FLUTE

CREATIVE REVOLUTION

BUILDERS OF TO-MORROW

APOSTLES OF FREEDOM

BY

PROFESSOR T. L. VASWANI

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The history of the world's struggle for freedom is too often thought of as a matter of book learning. Mazzini's writings almost obscure the fact that they were only a shadowy expression of his life. The real thing was the man. In the course of time there may come to exist a state of society in which men and women will move in freedom ; but it is the men and women who are free in spirit *now*, who will bring that state of society into existence by their struggle against all that enslaves, especially against any form of slavery in their own nature, slavery to cramped thought, to tyrannical emotion, to debased or violent action. Professor Vaswani is fully alive to the importance of the personal factor in the struggle for freedom, and in this book makes a galaxy of bright champions of freedom shine out as examples of purity of purpose and

act, for the warning and encouragement of those today in India who feel with some bewilderment the surge of new national life in their blood.

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APOSTLES OF FREEDOM

FORWARD ! YE FRIENDS
OF FREEDOM !

*She sang in the morning of history,
She sang when Britons wandered in the
woods,
She sang when Romans had lust of conquest and glory,
She sang in the strength of a vital World-
Message,—
In the long, long ago.*

*What sang She, this Mother of yours and
mine ?
What sang She, in Her ashrams of old ?
In Her schools and temples and caves of
mystery ?
In Her cities gleaming with gold
In the long, long ago ?*

*She sang of the Spirit of the Ages,
Of the Atman Who maketh all Nations
one ;
In Her history and mystery, Her scrip-
tures and story,
She sang of the Self and the Wisdom
that is Love,—
In the long, long ago.*

*Forward ! ye Friends of her Freedom !
She calls you again to suffer and be
strong ;
March to the music of her Message within
you !
March in the strength of Her Faith,—
and win Freedom
As in the long, long ago.*

INTRODUCTION

Which God does Young India worship today? Freedom. But what is freedom? Abstractions will not help us. We need examples. A few of them are presented in these pages.

I believe profoundly in the ancient teaching:—*A man becometh what he thinketh upon.* And if examples in freedom inspire young men, India would be a Nation of patriots. In one of his letters Lord Morley admitted that it was very undesirable to have a “mute, sullen, muzzled, lifeless India.” The bureaucracy, evidently, believe differently. There is repression. But when repression challenges a *living movement*, there is but one result. It is for young men to make the Indian movement very much more alive than it is today. They can do it, if they move in the atmosphere of Apostles of Freedom.

There are different aspects of freedom,—civil, social, political, religious. A Nation to be free must take note of them all. Politics are but one channel of a Nation's life. Home,

workshop, school, profession, are all symbols of the National Spirit. When they cease to be organs of the Spirit of Freedom, politics are easily corrupted. In a sense, indeed, politics reflect our *life* in other departments. To raise the level of that life is to lift politics to a purer plane. The pace of a people's progress, therefore, may be—should be—quicken-ed; it cannot be *forced*. A Nation cannot escape its *karma*, nor have freedom except in the measure it *earns* it also in other spheres of life.

My first sketch, “Will the Flowers Fade?” refers to the message of Guru Nanak (1469—1538). In an hour of India's need this Prophet of Spiritual Freedom came with his two-fold message of *Purification* and *Hindu-Muslim Unity*. Don't we need this message to-day? What do we seek in our struggle against the bureaucracy? The State is become a “prison” for us; we want a new form of State; we want to build a Free State; we may not hope to do so unless we *purify the will of the Nation*. I write this on the day when a meagre report reaches me of a serious mob-riot in Bombay on the *hartal* day. Such wild acts as the Bombay crowd has done must give-

a big blow to the Swaraj Movement. If we fail, the fault will be ours. The State to-day is bureaucratic; we claim *swaraj* in order that we may change the bureaucratic state into a moral phenomenon. How can our claim stand in the face of violence or strife? A Nation is not healthy if it is violent in temper. We must purify ourselves. We must build into our life a better discipline of desires and action. The atmosphere is not purified—or there would not have been tragedy at Nankana, in the very temple erected in the Prophet's honour at his birth-place. What is named Non-co-operation is nothing new. It was tried recently by the Russian peasantry and in Georgia. It was tried, centuries ago, in the days of the great Sikh Gurus. But it was tried by men who had *purified themselves*. Therefore it told; it worked wonders; it steeled Sikh hearts; it made the Sikhs a mighty Nation. When Guru Arjun was asked by the Moghul king to pay a fine of two lakhs of rupees, he refused to give it, but he did so in a spirit of deep humility. "Whatever money I have," he said, "is for the poor, the friendless and the stranger. If thou askest for money, thou mayst také what I have; but if thou askest for

it by way of fine, I will not give thee even a *kauri*; for fine is levied on the wicked." When his disciples started raising a fund to pay off the fine, he forbade it. He refused to pay the fine to Government. And when he was seated in a cauldron heated with a blazing fire, he still was true to his faith: he bore all sufferings repeating the hymn:—"God is the strength of the strengthless." Until the Nation's will is purified, we may not hope to win. I am afraid there is today more an effort to impress others than to express the real self of India; and we are being driven from distraction to distraction. Nor have we yet grown in the great realisation that freedom is not worship of power but service of the Ideal. That service is not possible without self-purification, self-discipline. Freedom and *sadhan* go together; and Nations go mad when they give up *sadhan*.

Guru Nanak, also, preached Hindu-Muslim unity; that unity is another great guarantee of our future. Parsi and Christian communities had not been formed in his days; else would he who adored the one God in all have spoken of them too. "Hindu-Muslim Unity" is—should be—only an abridged statement for Indian unity,—a Unity of Hindus and Mus-

lims and Parsis and Christians and Jews in the one service of the Nation. And Hindu-Muslim Unity meant with this Prophet of Freedom not an external unity but a brotherhood. I prefer the expression "Hindu-Muslim Brotherhood" to the current one "Hindu-Muslim Unity." If men of different faiths in India will not realise that they are to live together as *brothers*, we cannot build up *swaraj*. It is a shame to us there was violence at Bombay on the *hartal* day. The *swaraj* of strife is a sham *swaraj*; it will only lengthen the chain of our slavery. Parsis and Christians and Jews and Muslims and Hindus, - we belong to one Brotherhood; and we well may pay homage to the Founder of each Faith. In such a unity is the future of India. Guru Nanak realised and preached such unity; and I ask Young India to pay homage to him as to a Prophet of Freedom. So great was his reverence for the spirit of Islam that he moved out of India to visit Mecca and Medina; he had conversations with Muslim divines; he had Muslim admirers and disciples. When Hindus and Muslims are united, not to antagonise Parsis or Christians or Jews or any other community, but for moral ends, the

violence-vibrations which my mind has felt, again and again, in this crisis of the Nation will be withdrawn and we shall accomplish a mighty, non-violent revolution,—a lasting *swaraj*.

The essay on “A Man of the Ages” refers to Abraham Lincoln,—the President-Prophet of America (1809—1865). His life has appealed to me much ; and I wish every young man in India to study this great Apostle of Liberty. Reticent, patient but full of courage was Lincoln. A hungry “Indian” came to him for charity. The soldiers were about to hang the poor “Indian”. Lincoln interposed ; Lincoln saved his life ; Lincoln challenged every soldier to fight *him*, not the black Indian ; Lincoln administered a righteous rebuke to his men. “When a man”, he said, “comes to me for protection, he is going to get it”. And with this courage he combined humility,—the humility of a great soul. Your great men are often vain and proud ; but great souls are humble. When Lincoln offered himself as a candidate he said in the course of his brief, beautiful speech :—“I am humble Abraham Lincoln. If elected I shall be thankful. If not, it will be all the same” : And he

was dressed in homespun. This man full of courage and humility was taken up as an agent by the great Gods who guide, I believe, the destinies of Nations. He issued his famous Emancipation Proclamation: he swept away slavery. American democracy is not without its cankers even to-day. American politics are not yet free from the corrupting influence of capitalism; and America has not yet solved the "Black Problem". But Abraham Lincoln's faith is, I believe, a growing force in the life of his People:—"That this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom". Such faith will, I feel sure, accomplish great things in India too.

My memorial address on Ram Mohan Roy (1772—1833) is a humble tribute to a great Indian. I have called him "The Forerunner". I believe history will justify his claim to that title. The true proportions of this great man are not yet seen by the present generation. I trust a careful study of his life and writings may indicate to Young India that he was really the Forerunner of Indian freedom. Passionate was his love of liberty. He expressed it in his social, political and religious views. He expressed it in his actions. He

had a strong sense of social justice; he resented the injustice inflicted on the men and women of his country. So he bestirred himself to abolish *suttee*. So he protested against the 'Press Regulations'; he put in an earnest plea for a Free Press in India; and he asked for India's freedom. In his "Appeal to the King in Council" he pointed out that while "under their former Mahomedan rulers Indians enjoyed every political privilege in common with Mussulmans, being eligible to the highest offices in State, entrusted with the command of armies and the government of provinces and often chosen as advisers to their Prince without disqualification or degrading distinction on account of their religion or the place of their birth, under British Rule the natives of India had entirely lost their political consequence." He dreamt of a free India and pointed out to the British that their own interests should dictate a progressive policy in this country. With increasing "knowledge and energy", he added, "India would prove from her remote situation, her riches and her vast population either useful and profitable as an "ally of the British Empire" or "troublesome and annoying as a determined

enemy". He; it was who, almost a century ago, pointed out also that if India chose, she could be more "troublesome and annoying" even than Ireland. An Englishman of his day rightly said of Ram Mohan:—"He would be free or not be at all. Love of Freedom was, perhaps, the strongest passion of his soul,—freedom not of action merely, but of thought."

Of Tolstoy the teacher (1828—1910) I have spoken a few words; of Tolstoy the artist nothing at all. He was both. His life after his 'conversion' was sanctified by a vision of the Christ ideal. And Christ was an oriental. The soul of Asia speaks through this Russian apostle of liberty. He was sick of western civilization. "People can't live like that", he said, "It can't be: It cannot be:" and he sobbed. His heart rebelled against Europe's machine-civilization: and deep down in that rebellion was a great agony. On his death-bed he wept to think of the misery of men under the influence of 'civilization'. "There are", he said, "millions of human beings on earth who are suffering". His soul was sorrowful, for he felt for the poor; and he served the Russian peasants with a brother's, not a philanthropist's, love. "We stuff ourselves with cutlets and

pastry", he said, "while people are dying by thousands from famine". And India's millions are starving; how many of India's young men think of them? I know of no nobler politics than the politics of service. Freedom, in my theory of life, is the power to serve. And to every young man I fain would say at this crisis in our history:—The kingdom of freedom is within you. To enter that kingdom you need a child-like spirit. Be as little children; be humble; and you will have the strength to sustain the *swaraj* struggle to success. *Swaraj* funds and Congress resolutions can do little without the right men. If, indeed, the present *Swaraj* Movement fail of its purpose, it will be for lack of right instruments. The problem of Indian freedom, as I understand it, is not one of methods, so much as of men "Give us men:"—has been my prayer to Ishvara at every stage in our struggle. "Give us men." And with this anguished aspiration in my heart I have sent out my little volumes to Young India. "It seems", said Tolstoy, "a simple matter to reform Russia till you begin to think how to reform yourself". *Swaraj* is a simple matter once we have *swaraj-men*. *Swaraj* will not be in view until we have a sufficient

number of such men. "Know thyself,"—said Socrates. I say to every young man :—"Purify thyself". Preparation for *swaraj* means Purification. Tolstoy believed in revolution but not in a blood-revolution. He believed in what in a forthcoming volume I have called "Creative Revolution." It is a revolution which cannot be accomplished with violence. Tolstoy speaks, again and again, of "non-resistance". It is the teaching of Christ. It is the teaching of Buddha and the Indian sages. It is the teaching Young India must assimilate if *swaraj* is to be builded. "The law of non-resistance", says Tolstoy in his volume named 'The End of a World,' "is the keystone of the whole building. To admit the law of mutual help while misunderstanding the precept of non-resistance is to build the vault without sealing the central portion". Tolstoy wished to substitute for the system of "domination" a "basis of equality between men". I cannot express in better words the inner purpose of *swaraj*. Tolstoy's vision suffered disappointment; he left his house at the age of 82. Buddha left his house only to come back to his people to teach them the 'Middle Path'; Buddha's *nirvana* was the Way of Service. Tolstoy left his house in old

age and in disgust with 'civilization'. But *mukti*, as I understand it, is not a matter of mileage, for an individual or a nation. Not in running away but in self-renunciation, in *yagna*—sacrifice,—is the secret of life. The Russian apostle of freedom, doubtless, glimpsed the truth when he said that "the peoples of the Orient were called to recover that liberty which the peoples of the Occident had lost almost without chance of recovery". Will India's young men be conscious of this high destiny of the Orient? Then must they be loyal to India's ideal of *ahimsa* through all the difficult days before us.

Lokamanya Tilak (1856--1921), the Indian apostle of *swaraj*, is another witness to Freedom and her message. There are misconceptions about the man and his work. "Too combative" some said of him. There was in him the battle-spirit; but he battled for the right. And deep below that 'combative' mind was a gentle heart that moved in sympathy with the masses of India. They called him an *avatar*—not without some reason. He loved them; his 'combat' with Government grew out of a heart that loved the People. Professor Rushbrook Williams writes in "India in

1900" that Tilak "stood for Brahman supremacy over India and for Brahman control of India's destinies". The young professor only reflects an Anglo-Indian prejudice against the great patriot. Tilak stood for freedom, not for supremacy of this class or that. People *vs.* Bureaucracy—*that*, to Tilak's mind, was the meaning of the Indian struggle. Yet another misrepresentation may be found in the following words by the same professor :—"Mr. Tilak's influence was always sufficient to prevent the spread of the Non-co-operation movement among the Deccani Brahmans". I regard Lokamanya Tilak as India's greatest Non-co-operator, greater even than Mahatma Gandhi! As a young man he took an oath not to accept Government service. He did not practise in a Law Court. He resolved to serve his Country ; and with singular courage and faith he kept his pledge with the people. I know of no other Indian politician with such respect for what the American poet of democracy calls 'the divine average.' I know of no other Indian with such keen political perceptions. His life was spent in active Non-co-operation with the bureaucracy. He did not organise Non-co-operation into a mass movement; he believed

that the country could not practise it on a national scale without first being disciplined for it. The idea of Non-co-operation was articulated by him in his famous Calcutta speech. The idea occurred, also, to some European students of the Indian problem. An Englishman, a believer in 'imperialism', wrote many years ago :—"Indians themselves have only to refuse to work for Europeans, and the whole White Empire would be brought to an end within a month"! Tilak, far from combating Non-co-operation, practised it all his life.

And he suffered for it as few Indian politicians have. In 1897 he published the famous "Words of Sivaji" :—"Oh my friend! Why have you awakened me? To-day as before the stranger dominates my country. They compel the goddess Lakshmi to exile herself from the land." And for this poetic presentation of the Indian situation, the bureaucracy charged him with 'sedition' and clapped him in jail for eighteen months. Yet no less a politician than Lord Salisbury in his Minute on Indian Land Revenue, described the Government of India as "the despotism of a line of kings whose reign is limited by

climatic causes to five years"! But India is not England—the critics say !

“A perpetual thorn in the side of the administration,” says Professor Rushbrook Williams of the Lokamanya. Am I wrong in saying Tilak was India’s greatest Non-co-operator ? His criticism was strong but not stronger than that of some western critics of the British Empire. Burke denounced the misdeeds of Warren Hastings and was acclaimed a ‘patriot’ of the ‘Empire’. Tilak denounced the bureaucracy and was sent to jail—thrice ! “An exceedingly able and vehement champion of British Rule” said :—
“The earlier members of the Indian service, civil and military, must be pronounced to be the most corrupt body of officials that ever brought disgrace upon a civilised government.” But the critics will say again :—India is not England ! Tilak did not wish India to be an imitation of England. He wanted India to be herself,—a Nation of free citizens loyal to the Indian ideal of life. Therefore he wanted his countrymen to have the inspiration of Indian history and Indian literature. Therefore he inaugurated the Sivaji festival denounced in those days as ‘sedition.’ By an irony of fate the Prince of Wales to-day honours Sivaji whom

Anglo-Indian critics of Tilak's day called a 'little robber-chief'".

The Lokamanya was an ardent advocate of "autonomy" at a time when the majority of Indian politicians believed in the politics of 'petition'. He had not the 'Empire' idealism which even such cultured persons as Mrs. Besant and the Rt. Hon. Mr. Sastri are unable to shake off. He recognised the truth, over a generation ago, that liberty trains a people in the School of Liberty. Liberty has an educational value for a nation. Every year and every month and every day that we bear the yoke of a bureaucratic State, we become less and less vital for a life of freedom. That is the deepening tragedy of India.

And part of that tragedy is the economic exhaustion of the people. Here is a picture given by an Englishman, Mr. Vaughan Nash, a few years ago:—"Famine" he wrote, "compels us to ask very seriously what is to become of India and whither the drifting is to carry her. These famines are recurrent, and they gnaw the country to the bone. What are we doing to enable the people to withstand them? Are we bleeding them or feeding them in the intervals? Do our systems make for the in-

crease or decrease of their staying power? I spent eleven weeks in the famine districts in the hot weather, as correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* trying to ascertain the bearing of our administration on these life-and-death problems. I had the advantage of hearing the opinions of a large number of British officials and native gentlemen; and whenever I had an opportunity I got into talk with the villagers about their farms, debts, means of living, and general position. From all I saw and heard, the conclusion was irresistible that India is drifting on to the rocks, that her wealth is not increasing; (the traders and moneylenders were never, indeed, so rich as they are to-day, but the cultivators are growing poorer;) that the dissolution of village institutions and the growing power of the money-lender, who is swallowing up India in enormous mouthfuls, are the signs of a social and economic break-up, for which no benefits that we may confer can compensate. Railways and money-lenders have taken away the surpluses which used to form the reserves for bad years. The landlord institution that we planted has been a failure if not a curse; the indebtedness of the cultivators is piling up faster than the public debt; in a word, the

symptoms point to a state of exhaustion—exhaustion which, at the touch of famine, becomes collapse”. And Tilak realised, as very few of Indian politicians have, this double tragedy—economic and political—of India. His soul rose in revolt against the forces which are trying to defeat the purpose of our race. And it was part of our bad national *karma* that he died in the midst of a ‘development’.

The volume has a little sketch of a patriot of Japan—Sontaku Ninomya (1787-1856). He died in 1856, the very year in which Tilak was born in India. In the Imperial House of Japan are preserved three precious things regarded as supernatural in origin,—a mirror, a sword and jewellery. The first we read, is a symbol of wisdom, the second of courage, the third of mercy or love. These three qualities Sontaku had in rich measure. And he became a servant of his people. There is, in this volume, also, a little sketch of an Irish patriot, Padric Pearse (1879-1916). He died in the Easter Rebellion of 1916,—a witness to “Ireland’s honour”. “When we are wiped out”, he said, “people will blame us.” But “after a few years”, he added, “they will see the meaning of what we tried to do.”

Five years after these words were spoken by Pearse, England saw the wisdom of coming to terms with the Irish people !

The Apostles of Freedom hurriedly sketched in these pages had different outlooks upon several problems of thought and life. But they all had courage, simplicity, unselfishness, faith. And these are the qualities we need to build up *swaraj*. Courage is growing, but with it, I am afraid, is growing, too, the will-to-power which makes one aggressive and selfish. If the physical, social and economic structure of the Nation is to be developed, we must be simple. Our physical efficiency is bound up with simplicity: they named it in the Hindu books, *brahmacharya*,—whereby was meant something better than ‘celibacy’. Our socio-economic efficiency, also, asks for simplicity. *Swadeshi* is really a call to the simple life. The way to freedom is the way to organise democracy on a basis of simple life. This may seem to be biologically untrue; I believe it to be profoundly true. Strength is in simplicity. For simplicity means discipline, patience, self-suppression. Never before was the need of simplicity so urgent as to-day. For to-day the suppressed impulse of liberty is.

begun to be released ; and if it is not disciplined it must run to extremes. It is no mob-rule we wish to set up in the name of *swaraj*. Simplicity and faith will flower into self-sacrifice. The dominating thought of these pages may, I think, be expressed in these three words: *purify, simplify, crucify*. When India's young men have purified themselves and simplified their lives, they will be ready for that self-crucifixion which the Scriptures call *Yagna*, and which, we read, is the life of the Universe. Out of *yagna* are born the worlds; and out of the *yagna* of Young India will, I believe, be born that new freedom which alone can bring healing to our agitated age.

KARACHI,

December, 1921.

T. L. VASWANI

WILL THE FLOWERS FADE?

In an hour of India's need he came, over four centuries ago. An Angel of Revolution, yet living a life of singular sympathy, of winsome detachment from the world! Singing rapturous songs, while Maradana played upon his instrument! "I am a servant of the Beloved One", he said, "and long to meet my Lord." And this "servant of the Beloved One" became the builder of a Nation. For the life and teaching of Nanak Dev were the inspiration of a long line of the *gurus*, the last of whom built the Khalsa State with the battle-cry "Wah Gurujika Khalsa." "Glory to the Guru's State"! Therefore I call Guru Nanak an 'Angel of Revolution'. His life and teaching revolutionised the minds and hearts of millions; and I would have Young India turn to him to-day, if it would think out its ultimate ideals and understand what it should make of the liberty which can not be long in coming back to this ancient land.

A lover of freedom, he spent his early days in the freedom of the farm and village

life ; and in his days of manhood he travelled far and wide. His blessed feet trod the soil of Sind—my native land. Was the freedom of this desert an attraction for this great traveller and teacher ? He went about blessing all, asking all to free their minds and hearts of convention and cant. As I have meditated on his words and reviewed the main incidents of his life in the *Janmasakhi*, I have felt, more strongly than before, that a free India could not be built without the power of faith and Hindu-Muslim solidarity and service of humanity. Faith more than the knowledge of books ; Hindu-Muslim solidarity more than schemes of 'reform' ; service of humanity more than anything else.

And concerning these three, the Teacher's life has not a little to tell us. Taken to a schoolmaster, this great soul, great in humility and love, asks :—" Sir, what have you learnt ?" And the schoolmaster says he has learnt all the branches of knowledge, has read the books, has known 'arithmetic and book-keeping, has known everything' ! Then says the Teacher to the schoolmaster :—" That kind of learning is useless, Sir." And in a passage of great beauty

and wisdom, Nanak sings the very secret of education.

Burn worldly thoughts, rub the ashes and make ink of it ;
 Let the paper on which you write be the paper of faith ;
 Let your heart be the pen ;
 Then write the Name and the praise thereof ;
 And write without end or limit.

The current system of education in India has been worse than a failure ; for the wise injunction has been ignored :—" Let your heart be the pen ; then write the Name ". Intellect has been sharpened ; but when was a Nation saved by a soulless intellect ? Brother ! let your heart be the pen. Then write the Name—the Mother's Name—in the ink made of *tapasya* ; and you will write in flaming letters the freedom of Hindusthan.

And who more than the Teacher bore witness to the essential brotherhood of the Hindu and the Mussalman ? The first words he utters waking up from that trance in the waters are :—" There is no Hindu and no Mussalman ". He goes to Mecca ; he teaches there the doctrine of the One ; he interprets there the wisdom of the Koran. He utters the name Allāh with reverence, as he does the

name Hari. On meeting him, Sheikh Farid greets him with the words :—"Allah, O Dervish ". And to this the Teacher replies :—"Allah is the object of my efforts, O Farid ; Allah is ever my object". Sheikh Farid, the Muslim Pir, becomes a great friend of Guru Nanak ; and the Sikh scriptures include many songs of Farid which mention the name of Allah. "There is no caste", says the Guru. "We claim brotherhood with all. He alone is the true Mullah, Sayad or Dervish who knows Allah or Hari and has abandoned self". Speaking to the Hindus, he says :—"Praise and glorify Allah, as Muslims do, five times daily". Speaking to the Muslims, he says :—"Make the Will of Allah your rosary". "A real Mussalman is he who has renounced self". Is it a wonder the Muslims cried aloud :—"Khuda (God) is speaking to us in Nanak"? Is it a wonder when he passed away, both Hindus and Muslims covered his body with flowers? And the old chronicle says : "All the flowers were green"!

Centuries have passed since he left India on the physical plane ; and to-day, after a long period of separation, we—Muslims and Hindus of India—have in the hour of

India's urgent need learnt to come close together again, and in common reverence to place our flowers at the feet of the India that he loved and upon which, I believe, he pours his benedictions still. Will our new flowers remain green? Or will the flowers fade?

We may keep the flowers fresh, but on one condition. And that is expressed by the Guru in the following words :—

'Heaven accepts no mere lip-service

But the continual love and practice of *truth*'.

He loved and practised truth; and we must endeavour to do likewise if we would keep in our hearts the message of his day. To celebrate him is to assimilate him. There is social injustice in this land; there are political wrongs inflicted on India and Islam. It is good that in this day of our sorrow Hindus and Muslims are drawing closer together; there are Hindu admirers of Islam and Muslim culture; there are Muslim admirers of the philosophy and art of the Hindus. Hindu-Muslim friendship is growing everyday. I thank God for it. But let this friendship be for the practice of truth. Let it give us a new strength to fight social injustice, a new faith

to wrestle with political wrongs. There is the work for us. Let us give our life and heart in the service of Truth. That service, I know, means struggle and pain. But suffering is the price of freedom. And I believe profoundly that India will be rebuilt upon sacrifice. Thus wrought the great Gurus in the past. And thus must we strive to-day, believing that to suffer for humanity is only to enrich the heritage of our history.

A NATION-BUILDER

He stands out among the most dynamic of India's men. His instincts were those of a *Bhakta*. "I am", he said, "the slave of the Supreme." His perception was that of a poet. "I have come", he said, "to behold the Wonders of the world". But to this *Bhakta*, this poet, this lover of the beautiful, this singer of the Wonder of the world—to Guru Gobind Singh—came a call which the contradiction of all mankind could not shake? And that Call converted his life into tremendous action. He became a leader of men, a nation-builder. A life of suffering was his; but his heart knew no fear. "I declare to the world what the Lord has told me", he said; and, he added, "I shall not be silent through fear of mortals". Yet in another song he sang:—"Thou turnest men like myself from grass blades into great mountains". How singularly free his life was from that egoism which often lurks hidden in men of action! He regarded himself a servant of the people; his love flowed out to the poor and weak; it shielded

them ; it suffered for them ; and it worked a revolution in Indian history. Guru Govind Singh realised his unity with the poor and the distressed ; he brought them together, called them brothers—his comrades in the one Khalsa Panth. So he asked his disciples to baptise *him* even as he had baptised them. So he made the remarkable declaration that the Khaha was equal to the Guru. Democracy is Brotherhood ; Democracy is Fellowship with man. This is, to my mind, an important message of the Guru's life and work. We cannot attain to freedom until we respond to this message of human fellowship. The Nations of the West need this message no less than we. They yet believe that man must 'live dangerously', they still forget that above the State is Humanity, and above power the Eternal Good. Therefore is Europe smitten still with strife ; therefore is the East still in agony. Clash and conflict are in the air around us ; and with the strength which rises out of the depths of sadness in my heart, I ask, How long will the nations wander yet in this maya of hate and strife ? *How long ?* And how long will India move in a world of struggle and passion ? In the dark

days of Hindustan, he to whom God gave the leadership of the Hindu race found shelter and strength "at the feet of God". In these difficult days in our struggle for Freedom we, too, may find our shelter and strength at the "feet of God." Then may we move out with the message of human fellowship and fill our little world with the Love that does not die.

A MAN OF THE AGES

Have you stood by the beach and watched the waters and not received some suggestions from the sea? May we not think of some of the world's men as waves coming on us from the great sea of life? The vitality of a Nation, I think, may be judged not so much by its mass-mind as by its power to throw up such men in the hours of its crises. One of such men was Abraham Lincoln. How much he did for America is known to the student of history. The Gods placed in his hands a power which brought light into many dark homes and saved his people. He emancipated the Negro, and suffered death for being true to his sense of brotherhood. I have sometimes wished we had a People's Theatre in India to stage the lives of the world's heroes. Abraham Lincoln was a hero. A play by an English writer—Mr. John Drinkwater—dramatises his character and should appeal to young India. The play is named 'Abraham Lincoln;' and I

would have every one get a copy and read it. With a happy insight into Lincoln's character, the dramatist represents him to be a man of supreme courage. A character in the drama, Mr. Stone, a farmer, speaks of Lincoln as being 'firm as a Sampson of the sport'. Firm and fearless was Lincoln. Not without reason does Manu make courage the basis of all virtues. And there is no greater miracle in the world than spiritual courage; it can push forward a whole people; it can move the very mountains. There is no conflict between the saint of God and the warrior for human right; a true *saint* is a *warrior*, as the true warrior is a saint, knowing that in living for his brothers' rights he only serves the God in man.

Lincoln is represented in the play as being fifty years of age when a deputation of some citizens waits on him, requesting him to accept their invitation to become the Republican candidate for the office of President of the United States. Lincoln is not a place-hunter; he is not in quest of honor; he does not behave as so many small men do at the time of elections. Lincoln asks the deputation:—'Do you know my many disqualifications for this work?' And he proceeds

to tell them that he lacks 'graces,' that he is a 'very stubborn man', that if they choose him for the President's office, there would be 'derision' in some quarters; are they prepared to have him on *his* terms? What a noble contrast his attitude is to that of political opportunists and demagogues—men who would exploit the emotions of the crowd for personal advancement! Lincoln proceeds to say that if they elect him as President, they must look to him for no compromise in the matter of slavery; he is determined to abolish it, by constitutional means if possible. 'The determination,' he says, 'is in my blood;' and he relates to them an incident of the days of his boyhood. He was in New Orleans; he saw the poor Negroes 'chained, and 'kicked as a man would kick a thieving dog'; and he saw 'a young girl driven up and down' the room for the bidder'; and he said:—'If ever I get a chance, I'll hit hard.' Lincoln asks the deputation to reconsider the matter; he leaves them for some time; he returns to find they are anxious to have him as the President. "I thank you, I accept," is the great man's quiet response to their affection. And when they leave him, he stands silently for some time looking at a map of America; then kneels

beside his table. What deep religious emotion is in that silence of Lincoln ! That map is to him a symbol of his country ; and he asks for strength from God to serve it in the days before him.

Opposition, intrigues, assail Lincoln soon after he is elected President. The South is not willing to abolish the slave trade. Lincoln is determined to abolish it. The South wants to secede. Lincoln will not tolerate this ; he is for the Union ; and he is prepared even for a civil war to maintain the Union and abolish slavery. Some of his political associates counsel compromise ; some call him stubborn ; they would let the South have the slave-trade rather than declare civil war ; but Lincoln stands firm and fearless. 'The South,' he says, 'wants the stamp of national approval upon slavery. It can't have it.' Civil war is declared ; Fort Sumter is besieged by Anderson who leads the forces against the South. After some time, Lincoln receives a message from Anderson to the effect that the fort could be held three days at the most unless more men and provisions are sent. Lincoln calls his Council at this crisis ; his comrades advise withdrawal of the forces ; he does not listen to

these counsels of compromise. 'We need,' he says, 'great courage, great faith.' Not to do less than we do is his urgent appeal to the Council. He sends reinforcements to Anderson.

The struggle continues for more than two dark years! He thinks of his countrymen dying in the struggle every day. This Lincoln has a strong will but a tender heart. 'Every morning,' he says, 'when I wake up and say to myself, a hundred or two hundred or a thousand of my countrymen will be killed to-day, I find it is startling'. The war, he says, is an hourly bitterness to him; 'but,' he adds, 'it must be endured....we must act earnestly.' Speaking of it to a lady, he says:—"I accepted this war with a sick heart and I've a heart that is near to breaking every day. I accepted in the name of humanity and just and merciful dealing and the hope of love and charity on earth." The war grows every day; he grows greater in resolution. He wins the war; the South is defeated. "I made the promise to myself—and to my Maker", says Lincoln. He calls the Council; he tells them they 'cannot escape history'; he points out to them that 'in giving freedom to the slave' they will 'assure freedom to the

free'. He closes on the great note:—'We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope on earth.' In 1860 he issues the great proclamation which grants emancipation to the Negro. The Negro has several disabilities still in America; the democracies of Europe and the United States are still colour-blind; Christ, the Brother of all, has not yet found a place in the councils of our statesmen. But Abraham Lincoln did what he could for the Negro; it was a great achievement. Is it a wonder the Negroes called him 'Father Abraham' and looked up to him as their 'great friend'? The English dramatist represents a Negro meeting Lincoln when the struggle with the South is over; and Lincoln says to him—'For more than two years, I have thought of you every day. I have grown a weary man with thinking. But I shall not forget. I promise that.' And the Negro says to him:—'you great, kind friend; I will love you!' Yet another says of Lincoln:—'he is a real white man.' And this 'real white man', this friend of the oppressed, is set upon at the theatre; his love for the Negro is counted a crime; he dies, and now, as Mr. Drinkwater, says, 'he belongs to the ages.'

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One wishes to know the political creed of such a man. When the Civil War is over the question before him and his Council is how to punish the rebels. One of them says:—‘We are fighting treason; we must meet it with severity.’ But Lincoln says:—‘We will defeat treason; and I will meet it with conciliation.’ ‘It is a policy of weakness’, says a member of the Council; but Lincoln answers: ‘It is a policy of faith—it is a policy of compassion.’ There speaks a true statesman, a man who knows the psychology of human life; and it is the policy of faith Britain has renounced in India. There is a young soldier, William Scott, twenty years old; he had done a heavy march. He had volunteered for double guard to relieve a sick friend; he was found—
asleep at his post. His general says he has to be shot! Lincoln wishes to spare him; he calls William Scott to himself. The soldier relates his story; says he offered to relieve a sick soldier who came from his place, and takes from his pocket his mother’s photograph. Lincoln asks him if his mother knows about his being shot. ‘No,’ says Scott. ‘There, there, my boy,’ says Lincoln, ‘you are not going to be shot.’ The soldier cannot believe the good news; he

breaks down sobbing ; Lincoln rises, goes to him and assures him of pardon. So concerning rebels in the Civil War, Lincoln follows a 'policy of faith.' 'I will have nothing of hanging or shooting these men,' he says, 'even the worst of them.'

Great was Lincoln's passion for liberty ; but he realised that liberty cannot be realised without faith in the people. With that one faith he saw the events as they came before him in the great struggle to abolish slavery. He uttered that faith in memorable words:—'With malice toward none, with charity for all, it is for us to resolve that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.' This faith has magnified the world's free nations; lack of it has been the tragedy of India. Where there is this faith, there is life; and a hopeful sign of to-day is that this faith in the people, faith in ourselves, is beginning to come back to us. Let it grow in the hearts of the young ; let it grow into a vision of the future, into the courage that stands for right, the courage that fights

and builds and reconciles; let it grow
everyday; and India will be justified of her
children.

THE FORERUNNER

I write this on a *tirtha*-day, a day of *yatra*, of pilgrimage. Most pilgrims think that to visit a *place*—Hardwar or Kasi or Rameswara—is to earn *punya*, merit. What sanctifies is not going to a place, but communing with Nature's beauty or a *sadhu*, a *bhakta*, a *gnanin*, a teacher of truth, a servant of humanity. We are going in this chapter as pilgrims to one of the mighty servants of humanity. He was not a Sindhi; his dress and language and ways of living were 'not ours; but he is ours. He was not an orthodox Hindu; he was not a Muslim or a Parsi or a Christian in his creed; but he is ours. For in him was the power of the *Atman*, the power of the Spirit; and they whom the Spirit raises to redeem society, to help the Nations, to bear witness to the values of life and be the burden-bearers of His truth, they, indeed, are our Rajas,—Kings in the realms which will endure through the ages when the kingdoms of the earth pass away. Pranams, then, to this Raja who was a servant of India! Salutations to Ram Mohan Roy!

This man who stood on the warrior's path to fight for truth and right was a *seer*; this soldier of the Spirit was a seer. What did he see? In his own heart he saw the glory of an India going abroad on a world-mission, becoming again a preceptor of the Nations and honoured by the peoples of East and West. In his own heart he saw a new India strong in the strength of her ancient wisdom and in touch with modern science and culture. But the actual India he saw with his eyes—how different that was from his vision! He lived from 1772 to 1833. Dark days had come upon the India of that age; the ancient glory had departed. How could such an India be honoured among the Nations and make the message of her ancient wisdom—the wisdom of the Vedas and the Upanishads—heard in a modern world? India must become herself to give her message.

And to be herself India must be free. The years of Ram Mohan's life were spent in efforts to break India's bonds. He saw that there were customs, institutions, creeds, which had stifled for centuries the life of the Indian people. These, he felt, must go, if India was to step forth with the strength and freedom of

a vigorous Nation. Freedom was, indeed, the passion of his life. His English biographer rightly says of him; 'He would be free or not be at all.' And I can think of no greater blessing for individuals or Nations than freedom; let their energies have free play and they will yield rich harvest.

The main incidents of his life have been recited by others many times. I do not mean to repeat them; but I should like to ask you to note that love of freedom runs as a thread through them all. On receiving the news of Spain's being granted a constitutional government, he is filled with joy; he gives a dinner at the Town Hall in honor of the event! On his way to England he halts at the Cape for a short time, and though limping, he walks up to the French flag there to touch it and so salute the Spirit of the French Revolution! He expresses sympathy with Ireland in her struggle for freedom. He pleads for a free press in India. In his evidence before the Board of Control in India, he condemns Acts and Regulations passed by Government ignoring the 'feeling of Indian subjects.' He urges that all posts should be thrown open to Indians, and points out that even under

Moslem rule, Hindus were of 'political consequence, the highest posts being always open to them.' He asks his countrymen to educate women, pointing out that India produced in the days of her greatness such cultured ladies as 'Maitreya, Lilavati and the wife of Kalidasa.' He organises the Vedanta College. He fights with success against the cruel custom of *suttee*. He publishes pamphlets and articles on the teachings of Christ and Islam and the Upanishads; he establishes the Brahma Sabha. He does it all to help India become a Nation of the free.

Not many may know how much his name is honoured in other lands. Sindhudesh knows him not; until lately there was not a meeting in honour of the man in the province. But elsewhere there were many such meetings in different parts of India; and many outside India salute his name with reverence. Ram Mohan passed away at Bristol in 1833; in a quiet place there stands the *Samadhi* of this great man. Many years have passed since I visited that shrine at Bristol. An Englishman was there to guard it; he had a book, a register; to look into it was a joy; it was full of tributes to Ram Mohan

and his work by men of different creeds and countries who had visited the *Samadhi*. I wrote some words in the book, then returned to the *Samadhi*. How quiet the place, how lonely! A bird or two sat above it: was he a lover of birds? And did they commune with the departed Indian sage in the seclusion of Bristol? At my mental image of the Great Man, I placed my flowers of affectionate reverence. I sat for some time in silence. I asked:—‘What is thy message for this thy servant and thy countrymen?’ Did I feel a responsive vibration at the moment? Something sprang spontaneous in my heart:—“I am lonely. Unite and build.” Yes; Ram Mohan is lonely. A century and a half have passed since he was born: he is lonely still; not yet has the spirit of his teaching entered the heart of India; not yet have the great masses of India heard his message; not yet have we carried the Light to the seven hundred and thirty thousand villages of India; not yet is India free. In a lonely spot is his shrine in England; he is still lonely; but he asks us all to unite and build a new temple for the Mother! Let Hindus and Moslems, Parsis and Christians unite and build. Not by smooth words but

by strong resolves and noble deeds may we help India. The path of freedom is not strewn with roses; the path is paved with pains and penalties, with suffering and sacrifice. Therefore have I asked young men to practise *tapasya* in daily life; therefore do I ask all to build with a strength born of suffering, with hearts inured to sacrifice. Unite and build—not barter India's honour for ease and the yellow dust. Unite—and build, with the wisdom that is calm yet strong, fearless yet far away from hate and strife—the wisdom of Nature and of Nature's men like Ram Mohan Roy. Build with love and truth the Mother's new temple. Unite and build—so that Hindus and Moslems and Parsis and Christians may bring their diverse gifts, and in the joy of fellowship worship Her—the Mother. Unite and build: the Light of such a temple will shine far off in many lands, and its Song will be rich, ringing clear with India's message to the Nations.

TOLSTOY THE TEACHER

There is a book published in Russia and translated into English which should be of interest and appeal to Young India. Its author is Gorky, the Russian revolutionary. It is a record of Gorky's 'Reminiscences' of Leo Tolstoy. Gorky was never a Tolstoyan; and in this little book he writes as a critic. True criticism is not fault-finding; true criticism is analysis, appreciation and discrimination. The highest business of a critic, Bernard Shaw said, 'is to proclaim the man'. And in his 'Reminiscences,' Gorky 'proclaims' Tolstoy. 'No man,' he says, 'is more worthy than he of the name of genius.' He calls Tolstoy 'great in everything.' "There is something in him," he says, "which made me desire to cry aloud to everyone:—'Look, what a wonderful man is living on the earth!' For he is, so to say, universally and above all, a man, a man of mankind." Again:—"I am face to face with the greatest son of our native land. Hail for ever! I bow low to you." Gorky adds:—"And I, who do not believe in

God looked at him for some reason very cautiously and a little timidly; I looked and thought:—The man is God-like." Gorky differed from Tolstoy's religio-philosophical views; it was Tolstoy the artist that appealed to him. This antithesis between art and philosophy or religion is not congenial to Aryan consciousness; philosophy in India is a *darshan*; the sage, like the *rishi* and the artist, is a seer; and neither religion nor philosophy can live without a vision of the Infinite. Tolstoy was great as an artist; Tolstoy was great, also, as a teacher of wisdom, a prophet of the ideal. Gorky, however, could not understand his profound reverence and faith; Gorky respected in his person the greatest of artists, the genius who rejoiced in the Beautiful. In a passage of great beauty, Gorky records a conversation of Tolstoy. The Russian sage was lying down 'upon the bare roots of a pine tree', watching 'the ants moving busily among the grey spines.' "Suddenly he asked me," says Gorky, "exactly as if he were dealing me a blow:—'Why don't you believe in God?'" Gorky replied:—"I have no faith." Then said Tolstoy:—"It is not true. By nature, you are a believer, and you cannot get on without God.

You will realise it one day. Your disbelief comes from obstinacy, because you have been hurt ; the world is not what you would like it to be. There are, also, some people who do not believe out of shyness ; it happens with young people ; they adore some women, but don't want to show it from fear that she won't understand, and also from lack of courage. Faith, like love, requires courage and daring. One has to say to oneself, ' I believe ' and everything will come right...A non-believer cannot love...The souls of such men are tramps, living barren lives—that is not good. But you were born a believer and it is no use thwarting yourself. ' Well,' you may say, ' beauty' ? ' The highest and most perfect Beauty is God.' Here is a significant note :—the highest and most perfect Beauty is God.

Tolstoy has been accused of pessimism. Gorky's book shows that the critics have accused him wrongly. " There is no such thing as degeneration, " he said to Gorky. " The Italian Lombroso invented it, and after him comes the Jew Nordau screaming like a parrot ". It is a grand faith to be able to say in the midst of the world's tragedy and tears :—
' There is no such thing as degeneration.' And

in so far as philosophy is a theory of experience it is a commentary on this venture of faith.

A man with this faith becomes a patriot ; he believes in his Nation. ' Everything is national in him,' says Gorky of Tolstoy. ' Tolstoy loved the peasants ; he wished to learn wisdom from their lips ; he looked to them for light upon the problem of life.' " I began to grow attached to these men," Tolstoy said ; " the more I learned of their lives, the lives of the living and of the dead of whom I read and heard, the more I liked them and the easier I felt it so to live. I lived in this way during two years, and then the life of my own circle of rich and learned men not only became repulsive but lost all meaning whatever ; our actions, our reasoning, our science and art, all appeared to me in a new light. " Listening thus to the call of life in the strivings and aspirations of simple peasants, Tolstoy understood that much of what passed current as education was useless and 'negative' and a 'hindrance' to the growth of national life. Learning of the lives of the poor, simple peasants, Tolstoy learnt also that the hope of civilization was in simplification. He disliked railways and often walked long

distances to his house in Moscow; when he travelled by rail, he travelled third class in order to be in touch with the peasants. Tolstoy loved the people, and therefore he did not pander to their prejudices. He was a patriot and therefore, he was, as Gorky tells us, 'stubbornly indifferent to popular opinion.' There is a sense in which a patriot lives a life of detachment, communing in the lonely depths of his heart with the soul of his race, and serving his country careless of censure or praise. Of this detachment spoke the Teacher of the Gita when he asked Arjuna to stand up for Aryavarta, yet without thinking of the 'fruit' of his action. Not always, not often is the path of nation-service the path of popularity or success.

One doctrine Tolstoy taught, a doctrine essentially human, historically Eastern, and one which is, I believe, of vital value to us in our present struggle for freedom. It is the doctrine of non-violence. Russia did not understand it; Europe has not understood it; Gorky calls it 'his misty preaching of non-activity, the doctrine of passivism.' It is really the doctrine of activism. What is more active, what more effective than to oppose

evil with moral and spiritual forces ? Gorky calls it 'anti-stateism'; it is really anti-autocratic, anti-bureaucratic. This non-resistance to evil is a very effective resistance, if people will but practice it in the right spirit, not use it as a convenient cloak for inertia or acquiescence in injustice. Violence has been Europe's method since the sceptre of authority was snatched from the Catholic Church ; and Europe has not yet found a way out of warfare. I believe that force offered on the physical plane will fail, as, indeed, force applied on the moral plane, the force of mind and character will help us out of our difficulties. Hence my quarrel at once with bureaucratic repression and demagogic coercion. The most effective weapon to fight injustice is soul-force. That is the teaching of the Buddha who preached *ahimsa* ; that is the teaching of Christ who being led to the cross resisted not, knowing that thus he was 'doing the Will of Him who sent him'; and in the measure that we are true to that teaching, may we help the National Movement and make it effective in its opposition to the wrongs inflicted by Imperialism on Islam and India and the Orient.

Gorky tells us how Tolstoy was haunted by a sense of death. "If a man," Tolstoy said, "has learned to think, no matter what he may think about, he is always thinking of his own death. All philosophers were like that. And what truths can there be if there is death?" What truths, indeed, if the feast of life be brief? If death be the final end of all, what interest can we have in science and art and civilization? If life is for ever taken away from me at the moment my body dies, what meaning have my impulses and ideals and aspirations? Meditating on this 'problem of the essential' Tolstoy comes to a realisation of the truth that life has a meaning just because it is a reflection of a Real Life that death cannot touch. Denial of a Real Life is to him a contradiction of the hopes and struggles and aspirations of the earth-life. 'The 'earth-man' is but a process in the development of the eternal self. So he said, "Without faith there is no life."

And on another occasion he said that 'real wisdom' was 'God have mercy upon us!' *Brahma kriba hi Kevalam!* Can there be greater wisdom than this? Such a philosophy of life becomes art, worship, religion; and earth-

life ceases to be irrelevant when it is seen to be a channel for the flow of *Brahmakripa*, the grace of God.

And when the grace of God cuts its way through a man's life, is it a wonder there is suffering for the man? His life is not happy. Gorky quotes Tolstoy as saying :—"The Caliph Abdurahman had during his life fourteen happy days, but I am sure I have not had so many. And this is, because I have never lived—I cannot live—for myself, for my own self." There is the tragedy, the beauty, the purifying influence of the men in whom the God-self has grown; their lives are vital with the power of self-renunciation and suffering. There is no power like the power of self-renunciation; for the God-self grows in the man who strips himself of all things to serve the Ideal. And the God-self is in every one of you; only express it in self-renunciation; express it in the little acts of daily life; express it in the face of all bureaucratic repression; express it by maintaining your manhood under all sufferings. And, believe me, the gift of your sufferings will make the Nation rich.

THE LIFE THAT WAS TILAK

[*Notes of an Address at the Tilak Memorial Meeting, Karachi.*]

There is sorrow in your hearts at the passing of Lokamanya Tilak. I want you to gather strength through that sorrow. There is a sorrow that wastes; I would have you abandon that. But there is a sorrow which makes us strong; that is what I sometimes call *shokashakti*. I want you to develop *shokashakti*. Two kinds of *shakti* you have in the world; there is *ananda shakti* and there is *shokashakti*. Every morning and every night Nature weaves her wonders, giving us flowers and fruit by day, giving us a spectacle of the starry heavens at night. All this shows Nature's *ananda shakti*, the Power of Joy at the heart of the Universe. Five thousand years ago, Sri Krishna showed that Power of Joy, that *ananda shakti* when he moved from village to village playing upon His Flute. To-day India has fallen upon unhappy days; and the call of to-day is to develop *shokashakti*, to pluck strength out of sorrow. Our grief at the pas-

sing of Lokamanya Tilak is great ; but let it not unnerve us or unman us ; let it rather add to the strength of our devotion to the National Cause.

I have sometimes thought of Lokamanya Tilak as the father of modern Hindusthan. For what is Hindusthan ? What is the meaning of India's struggle, of India's history, of India's life to-day ? Hindusthan is something more than this earth and these rivers and mountains. Hindusthan is *Swaraj*. Not to know this is to miss the meaning of India's history and the mighty struggle in which we are to-day. Hindusthan is *Swaraj* ; to build India is to build *swaraj* ; therefore is Lokamanya Tilak the father of us all ; he is the father of *swaraj*. Therefore is *swaraj* our scripture, our *dharma*, the law of our life, the faith and inspiration of our activities. And they who stand in the way of *swaraj* trample upon our *dharma* and the sanctities of our life.

Lokamanya Tilak has sometimes reminded me of the Greek hero in the classic story, Prometheus the Fire-bringer. Fire is the great agent of civilization. Prometheus in the story brings fire to men and the gods get angry with him ; they bind him to the rocks ; he

bears it all, finding joy in the thought that he has done service to men. So did the new 'gods' of India—the bureaucracy—bind Lokamanya Tilak, again and again. He bore it all, finding joy in the thought that he was a servant of the people. This Tilak was a Fire-bringer to modern India. He tried in many ways to re-kindle the fire of national faith in our hearts. "Home Rule is my birth-right, and I will have it." With this message he went from village to village, from town to town; with this message he tried to raise and redeem his country. When he started public life forty years ago, the bureaucracy had entered upon a policy of repression. The bureaucracy adopted measures to keep Indians out of the Civil Service; it passed the Vernacular Press Act; and when setting forth their famine policy, it made the startling confession that the Government was not bound to save each and every single famine-stricken person from starvation! Lokamanya Tilak felt that such a bureaucracy must go if India was to have *swaraj*. And in many ways he tried to break the power of the bureaucracy. He agitated; he favoured a boycott of British goods; he preached passive resistance.

It has been said that Lokamanya Tilak was against Non-co-operation. It is also said by his Anglo-Indian critics that he was opposed to the Muslims. But the great teacher of Indian unity realised that Hindus and Muslims must work together to build up *swaraj*; and the great opponent of bureaucracy understood that it was not possible to have co-operation with a *sircar* that looked askance at the people. Lokamanya Tilak had his differences with Mahatma Gandhi as to the programme of Non-co-operation; about that programme there is room for difference of opinion; but the idea of Non-co-operation was just what Lokamanya Tilak acted upon in his struggles against the bureaucracy. He was attacked on the ground that he criticised and opposed the measures of the Government but did not propose constructive measures of his own. What was his reply? "I do not think," he said, "it is our duty to offer constructive measures and help to a Government which does not take us into its confidence by enabling us to bear the responsibilities of administration." The bureaucracy, as recent events have more clearly shown, is built on force; you must oppose to it your force of mind and character. This force as revealed in Tilak's life is fourfold.

Courage first. Lokamanya Tilak's life was a life of singular courage. Many battles he gave to the bureaucracy; never did fear enter the heart of this man. This Tilak was a fearless fighter. There is fear in many hearts; therefore is India in fetters still. Our Scriptures say the man who would attain to *mukti* must cast out fear; and a people that would achieve *swaraj* must cease to be fear-ridden. Another message of the Lokamanya's life is self-control. Violence or passion or hate or abuse is the mark of the weak, not of the strong. It is customary to-day to abuse the *sircar* and confound abuse with courage. Nothing is easier than to indulge in cheap abuse; the man of courage is the man of self-control. Say boldly you want *swaraj*; but abuse none, hate none. Our quarrel is not with an individual; our quarrel is with a policy, a system. Tilak understood that counsels of violence or strife would only retard our political progress. Yet another lesson of Tilak's life is self-reliance. Tilak did not believe in the politics of mendicancy. *Swaraj* will not come as a *gift* from Government: *swaraj* must be built by ourselves. Only let us have faith in ourselves, in the powers within us. The

message of the *Swaraj* movement is essentially one of self-reliance. Let us co-operate with ourselves. Co-operation of the people, one with the other, means Non-co-operation with an administration that is not responsible to us and does not respect our opinions, our sentiments, our ideals and aspirations. Above all, Tilak's life was one of self-sacrifice. It was the supreme virtue of sacrifice which made him a leader, not alone of the Maharashtra, but of India. With him politics was not a stepping-stone to personal advance; with him politics meant pursuit of the people's good, meant suffering, meant self-renunciation. Courage, self-control, self-reliance, self-sacrifice—such is the fourfold message, to my mind, of the Lokamanya's life. It is a message of vital value to us to-day. To-day a policy of repression has been launched against us. Shall we cling to creature comforts, to a nice calculating lore of less and more when our Muslim neighbours are in trouble? Shall we leave them alone? Shall we stand aloof from them? I know to stand by the Muslim at this hour means trouble, means suffering; but it is my faith that suffering purifies and enriches a people's life. Therefore I ask you, those of

you who would walk the Tilak way, to be ready to suffer for your friendship with the Mussulman and your faith in freedom. Therefore I ask you at this hour of the Nation's mourning to pluck strength out of sorrow. Therefore I ask you to have courage and self-control and self-reliance and the supreme virtue of sacrifice. No repression, then, can repress the purpose of the national movement. For there is no power on earth which can prevail against a people rich in moral idealism and strong in the strength of suffering.

TILAK—THE BUILDER

[A Memorial Notice]

A united nation pays homage to Lokamanya Tilak to-day. To think of him is to think of *Swaraj*; to remember his sufferings is to be purified. Will Tilak day be observed throughout India as a day of self-purification? Purification? Sorrow blesses in the measure it purifies. Every town and village in India where a Congress Committee or a Khilafat Committee exists should have men and women to meditate upon the patriot's life with purified hearts to-day. The great message of that great life is self-reliance. Work out your salvation yourselves. *Swadeshi* is economic self-reliance; national education is educational self-reliance; *swarajya* is political self-reliance. And self-reliance is, to my mind, the essential message of what to-day is called Non-co-operation. Lokamanya Tilak did not use the word Non-co-operation; but he had it in his mind years ago when he said in his famous Calcutta speech:—"If you do not mean to be free, you will fall and be

ever fallen. Have you not the power of self-denial and self-abstinence in such a way as not to assist this Government to rule over you? We shall not give them assistance to collect revenue. We shall not assist them in fighting beyond the frontier or outside India with Indian blood and money. We shall not assist them in carrying on the administration of justice. We shall have our own courts, and when the time comes we shall not pay taxes. Can you do it by your united efforts? If you can, you are free from to-morrow."

There breathes faith in that message, and hope and courage. His life was a witness to the vitality of that message. It was a life of singular devotion to the national cause. We cannot sufficiently honour so great a hero. Hindus and Muslims and Parsis and Christians, in different parts of the country, may well salute him as one of the very greatest of modern India. *Melas* and meetings in his honour should take place, and throughout the country the schools should be closed on Tilak day to do honor to his memory. Not without much suffering did he do his life's task, that of building *swaraj*. Our sufferings to-day are nothing compared to what he

suffered in his day. Not yet is builded the Temple of Swaraj ; it is a-building. And those of us who would be among the builders must be ready to walk the way he did, the way of suffering. For of suffering cometh strength ; and India's freedom will, I believe, be won within the walls of India's jails.

IS TILAK DEAD ?

Homage to him,—the political *guru* of the Nation! India's millions celebrate him. Prison and persecution and sufferings were a portion of this patriot's reward. Tilak stands triumphant to-day.

Years ago, as a College boy, I felt the fascination of the man. I went to Bombay for my examination; the air was full of reports concerning his prosecution. I and a few friends were eager to make his *darshan* in jail. We were not permitted. Years passed away. I was in Calcutta, teaching philosophy and literature in a College, dreaming the dream of national freedom. The *Bande Mataram* movement nourished, among others, by my revered teacher and friend, Swami Upadhyay Brabmabandhav, was then in full swing. The Tilak birthday was to be celebrated in Calcutta. They invited the Maharashtra hero to come to Calcutta. What a reception they gave him! Kings and princes might well have envied it. In his honor a *swadeshi mela* went on for three days. In the evening he addressed a huge

meeting. Surendranath presided. The two political opponents embraced each other amid thunderous applause. That picture is unforgettable. Clad in simple, *swadeshi* clothes, the patriot spoke for over an hour of his political creed. How simple the man, they said, how learned, how sincere, how fearless!

But it is not of these and other virtues of the man I wish to speak. In this little note I cannot call up other reminiscences and impressions of the man and his work. I wish to emphasise but one thing to-day. The secret of the man was this; he dared to believe. Not many of the English-educated hearkened to his voice at first; but he dared to believe. For years together his party did not seem to be in power; yet he dared to believe. The bureaucracy sent him to jail and seemed to triumph; still he dared to believe. Many of the political leaders of his day were content with some 'bakhshesh' of 'reforms': he dared to believe. Most of his countrymen thought the task was impossible; he dared to believe. In his heart he saw India seated on a throne, a Queen among the Nations of the East. He worshipped a free India in the depths of his soul. . . .

And so, through good report and ill, he pealed forth the great message:—"Swaraj is my birthright and I will have it." "India," he urged again and again, "India can be free if she wills to be free." In his great speech at Calcutta he said: "Your future rests entirely in your own hands. If you mean to be free you can be free." He was fearless—yes. He broke the spell of the bureaucracy—yes. He preached *swadeshi* and boycott—yes. He spoke of national education and national courts—yes. He suffered at the hands of a power-intoxicated government—yes. But over it all, as an angel that inspired and comforted, was his vision of a Free India. Broken by many sufferings, Tilak's heart yet dared to believe. In this faith he struggled, he fought—a hero to the last moment of his life. He was not the man to mind failure. Better to fight and fail than not to fight at all! And to-day we know he has not failed. To-day we know the Lokamanya is not dead. To-day we know his ideal lives, his inspiration abides. To-day we know his faith is triumphing. To-day we know his sacrifice has given India a new soul. And that soul goes marching on!

THE LOKAMANYA

[*Written on the day the Lokamanya passed away*]

Tilak's death! It has smitten India to the heart; and we ask in anguish: 'Are we orphans?' He visited Sind a few months ago; he promised to return in September or October. How the people watched for the day of his second visit! How they received him on his first visit! Kings would envy the homage Sind paid him. They did *arati* to him! They gave him garlands of gold! Women left the veil to have his *darshan* as that of an *avatar*. Wealthy merchants felt proud to serve him. College students and government servants, young men and old, Hindus and Muslims, swelled the chorus: "Tilak Maharaj kijai." Tilak was the uncrowned king of the people. It is easy to understand the bureaucracy's bitter attitude to Tilak Maharaj; it is easy to understand the anxiety of the Sind bureaucracy to prevent the *hartal* of Monday. They bullied, they threatened, they displayed their power by arresting some volunteers; but there was the

hartal, and there was no disorder, the big crowds having quietly dispersed at the advice of their friends. The bureaucracy could not achieve their object! The attempt to trample upon the sanctity of the people's spontaneous sorrow was absurd: shops remained closed; and even in his death the Lokamanya triumphed over the bureaucracy! Tilak reminds one of the oak—solid, strong, defying wind and tempest. Storm after storm raised by the bureaucracy swept over him; he did not break; he stood lifting towards his ideal. The bureaucracy sent him to jail thrice; they could not break the man's mighty hold upon the hearts of the people. "The paths of scholarship lead but to the jail," wrote 'The Pioneer' with sinister glee when they handcuffed him. 'The Pioneer knows' better now, I hope! Jails and calumnies and persecutions could not rob the Lokamanya of his glory.

That glory was the fruit of a life dedicated to the service of the Nation. Vincent A. Smith admits in his book on "Indian Constitutional Reform" that the Indian Government is "now faced with an Indian opinion," that there is a growth in Indian self-confidence, that even 'the' villages are now being stirred by

nationalist propaganda.' If there was one man more than another responsible for this mighty change in the Indian situation, it was Lokamanya Tilak. And in the day India attains to *swaraj*, a united people must make a pilgrimage to his *samadhi* to give him the good news and draw the blessings of his spirit upon a free Nation.

For Lokamanya Tilak I regard as India's greatest *swaraj*-builder, the strongest son of liberty in modern India. In an interview with a London paper he confessed that his own impulses were those of a scholar, a teacher of young men, but that he became a politician under the all-compelling necessity of the Indian situation. His books, 'Orion, or Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas,' 'The Arctic Home of the Vedas,' and the 'Gitarahasya,' indicate the depth of his scholarship. He was one of the founders of the Deccan Education Society. He was a Fellow of the University. When a scholar and thinker becomes a man of action, what a power he brings with himself! And when Tilak became a man of action, he poured upon his work the power of a dynamic personality. He started the 'Kesari'; every issue of this paper

has the figures of defiant lions on each side ! Kesari means lion ; and Lokamanya Tilak was the lion-hearted leader of his people. With courage born of faith in freedom and India's destiny, he exposed, in the 'Kesari' and the 'Marahatha,' the bureaucratic misdeeds and the whole theory of the bureaucratic state. He travelled from village to village and carried to every place he visited the message of *swaraj*. A great lover of the poor, he met the peasant, the villager, the man in the street ; he spoke to them in their sweet vernacular ; he mixed with them ; he looked into their needs ; he stirred the villages of Maharasthra with the cry of *swaraj* ; he organised National Festivals in honour of Sivaji, the Builder of the Mahratta destiny. That eminent Indian patriot, Justice Ranade, set forth a reasoned vindication of Sivaji in his " Rise of the Mahratta Power". Ranade impeached the verdict of Grant Duff, the English historian of the Mahratta period ; but Ranade's voice could not go far enough ; and Anglo-Indians continued to damn Sivaji as a ' rebel ' whose very name should be a by-word to every ' loyal ' Indian ! Is it possible to drill a living nation into a 'loyalty,' which is disloyal to the heroes of its

history? Sivaji was the man abused in Indian schools and colleges. And Lokamanya Tilak asked his countrymen to think of the great hero in the face of the problems of modern India. Lokamanya Tilak organised National festivals in honor of Sivaji. A Nation lives by memory of its heroes. But bureaucracy is at war with such hero-worship; and Lokamanya Tilak was denounced as preaching 'sedition.' His years were filled with prosecutions, persecutions, filled with sufferings; but he fought the battles of India's freedom with courage and faith. This *sipahi* of the Mother, this patriot-warrior battled to the last for truth and right; his victory was in the heroism of his struggle and the homage he received from the people for over a generation.

"What we aim at doing," he said to an English friend, "is to bring pressure on the bureaucracy, to make it feel that all is not well." "Your present statesmen," he added, "seem to take the old Roman Empire as their ideal, and even in that they follow the modern school of Oxford historians who trace the fall of the Empire to the concession of citizenship to the provinces. I know the worst that you can say about the Russian

bureaucracy; but even that bureaucracy does, according to its lights, seek to maintain the honour and prosperity of Russia because it is its own country. Our bureaucracy administers a country not its own for the sake of a country far away, entirely different in character and interests. Our bureaucracy is alien and absentee."

The Indian situation has gone from bad to worse because the Indian bureaucracy represents organised, irresponsible power. Lokamanya Tilak struggled, therefore, to break the bureaucracy. It was a stupendous task he set before him; and, through good report and ill, he went on his way with faith in the people. "We are trying in India," he said, "as the Irish Home Rulers have been doing in Ireland, for a reform of the system of administration." During his famous address at the Shivaji Festival in 1907, he said:—"It is true that what we seek may seem like a revolution; it is a revolution in the sense that it means a complete change in the theory of the government of India as now put forward by the bureaucracy." But he had the statesmanship to see that this *revolution* was

not to be a *red revolt*; he condemned the shedding of blood. "This revolution", he said, "must be a bloodless revolution." "I have no hesitation in saying," he remarked on another occasion, "that the acts of violence which have been committed in different parts of India are not only repugnant to me but have, in my opinion, retarded to a great extent the pace of our political progress." His programme of work included (1) agitation, (2) *swadeshi*, (3) boycott and (4) passive resistance. He repudiated, again and again, the politics of petition. "Our motto," he said, "is self-reliance, not mendicancy." *Swaraj* is for the self-reliant and the self-controlled, for fearless and self-renouncing servants of the Ideal. "Home Rule," he said, "is not going to be dropped into your hands from the sky." A great message this. It is for us to be the builders of *swaraj*. His Anglo-Indian critics have often said that he was an enemy of the Mussulman. The Muslims themselves will spurn such aspersions on the great patriot. The Karachi Muslims at the big Khilafat meeting held on August 1st paid a rich tribute to his memory. He was a Hindu, an orthodox Hindu, if you will; but his vision of India was that of a Hindu-Muslim Nation, the vision

of a Maha Bharta wherein Hindus and Muslims should live together as comrades in common service. The Roman Empire fell a prey to the 'barbarians' who had one great virtue—the unity of a common purpose; India fell in the day her unity was split; and Lokamanya Tilak had the political perception to understand that Hindu-Muslim unity was essential to national progress.

Above all, Lokamanya Tilak realised the value of suffering for the purification and enrichment of our National life. "You can win nothing unless you are prepared to suffer," he said. Again :—"Your revolution must be bloodless; but that does not mean that you may not have to suffer or to go to jail." So on that memorable occasion in 1908 when he was sentenced to six years' transportation, he said :—"There are Higher Powers that rule the destinies of men and nations; and it may be the will of Providence that the cause I represent may be benefitted more by my suffering than by my freedom." That expresses nobly the message of Karma Yoga, the essential message of the Gita according to Lokamanya's interpretation of that ancient scripture. It

is the message he gave us in his great address at the Idgah when he visited Karachi. It is a message of special value to us today when the bureaucracy have flung a policy of repression on a peaceful India. Progress is a series of sacrifices ; and in the scheme of evolution from the star dust to that Federation of Free Nations I dream of, suffering has a value all its own. India lies prostrate ; otherwise these experiments of repression would not be possible. Yet India is not dead. The life of one such hero as the Lokamanya is a witness to the fact that India is still alive ; and the spirit of willing suffering, now growing throughout the country, is an omen that the day of *swaraj* is not far distant. The civilized world has yet a poor understanding of what a refined yet subject people feels—the burden of dependence often too heavy to be borne, the stifling of the life-impulse, the sad backward glance to an age when India was strong in the strength of freedom, the bitter longing for that liberty which, sending its greetings to the world, seems so slow in returning to this ancient land. Nothing can convince a sceptic world of our faith in freedom and India's high destiny so much as our readiness to stand the

test of suffering in the coming days. The glory of Lokamanya's life was in the witness it bore to freedom through the struggles and sufferings of forty years and more.

THE GURU OF INDIAN SWARAJ

The twentieth of this month (August 1921) is, according to the Hindu calendar, the death-anniversary of Lokamanya Tilak.

Of him it may be said without any exaggeration that he was the uncrowned King of the Maharashthra. They called Mr. Surendranath Banerji the uncrowned King of Bengal; but Mr. Banerji's influence waned soon after the Partition was annulled; Lokamanya Tilak's influence continued to grow, and he was at the height of fame when he passed away. Mr. Banerji is a 'minister'; one could not think Lokamanya Tilak could, at any moment, consent to be a 'minister.' He was the people's man. Poona was the place of Gokhale and Tilak. Gokhale was a great patriot. But one had only to visit Poona to know which of the two was regarded as the people's man. Gokhale is the *guru* of Mahatma Gandhi; Tilak is the *guru* of political India. Mahatma Gandhi is the leader of the movement of Non-co-operation; but two others, I think, were

earlier sponsors of the idea of Non-co-operation, —Rabindranath Tagore and Tilak. Tagore did not use the *word* Non-co-operation ; it is not a happy word; but the idea was developed by him in a paper on *Swadeshi Samaj* ; he wrote during the days of the ' Partition ' agitation ; he urged that the people should stand aloof from Government and grow strong through self-reliance. Lokamanya Tilak did not know if the people were prepared to make the sacrifices necessary to make Non-co-operation a success ; the people seem hardly ready even to-day ; but the idea of Non-co-operation was in his mind for several years. Rabindranath Tagore Non-co-operated with Government when he threw up his knighthood ; and Tilak's life spent in Herculean struggles against the bureaucracy was the life of an ardent Non-co-operator. Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta—another of our great Patriots—was not sympathetic to the Tilak school in politics ; but he easily recognised what the Lokamanya was aiming at throughout his work. As the biographer of the Bombay patriot tells us, Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta wrote in 1914 to Mr. Gokhale that, as he read Tilak's scheme, " he (Tilak) hopes by organising obstruction to

Government in every direction within the limits of the laws of the land, he may be able to bring the administration to a standstill and compel the authorities to capitulate." In this summary of Lokamanya Tilak's scheme we do not find the *name* Non-co-operation; but the *idea* is there.

He never presided at a session of the National Congress; but the man stood in need of no Congress 'honours'; the man had a powerful hold upon the people; they regarded him, when he stood out of the Congress, as a man greater even than the Congress. Men like Arabinda Ghose and Swami Upadhyay Brahmandav looked up to him as their teacher. And thinking of him this day, thinking of all he has meant for the life of the Nation, I salute him with a reverent heart as the Guru of Indian Swaraj.

SONTOKU THE SIMPLE

I know of men who think that to abuse is to be a patriot. Some abuse in the name of the Nation, some in the name of the Empire or Race. But the building-power of life is love,—not passion, not hate; and the true strength of life is shown in self-surrender to an Ideal. There are men who have a strange faith in invective and in advertising; they think patriotism must push itself into prominence and shout loud anathemas at others. But patriots are made of a different stuff; nor are they all 'politicals.' They are servants of their country in different spheres—art, literature, religion, science, philosophy, social reform, politics—according to their special talents, according to the vital urge within them, the urge of Life. They trust the life-impulse in them; and they serve their country in the measure in which they express Life. One such was Sontoku.

He was born in 1787; he died in 1856—a little before the Mutiny broke out in India; he asked that there should be no tombstone erect-

ed to his memory ; but he has, to-day, a temple in the heart of every one of his countrymen. The name of Sontoku the Virtuous is dear to Japan. The secret of the man was his intense feeling of unity with the poor. With childlike, wonder-filled eyes he moved among them, serving them with singular devotion ; and, as I have studied the life-story of this great patriot of Japan, I have been reminded, again and again, of the great-souled Gandhi and of him—greater than many are aware of—Sadhu Hiranand of Sind.

A man of great learning and strong common-sense, he was sought by chiefs and lords ; they gave him districts to manage ; he restored to prosperity ruined villages ; he helped with food and clothes forty thousand starving people in one district ; he saved many more villagers from famine ; but he himself was always simple in dress and food ; and, as the greatest only are, he was in his simplicity sublime. What think you was his food ? Rice and a vegetable soup and water ! His clothes were of cotton of the cheapest kind. "It is enough", he said, "if our clothes protect us from the cold and our food keeps us from hunger. Beyond this they profit us nothing

and simply hamper us." On another occasion he said that it was necessary to live simply, in order to be able to give away to others. "If", he added, "we 'simply give' away money' for which we have no use, that supply will soon be exhausted like drawing water from a pot; however large the pot may be, sooner or later the water must be exhausted. But giving money from one's daily savings is like drawing water from a well, the supply of which can never fail." A chief invited him once to organise relief operations for the benefit of starving people in a district; when he arrived, the chief sent him through a servant a fine court dress as a 'reward.' The patriot said he had not come there to receive *rewards*; he wanted rice and corn to distribute to the needy. "I cannot," he added, "accept such a useless gift; please return it to your master"! The house he lived in was a poor-looking thing; but there sat the great man preaching to young men. He did not ask for large audiences; he was happy in the company of a few young men; he regarded them as the future of Japan. And a strange quiet fell on them when he spoke of the simple life, of how to avoid the world's gilded vanities and greet God's simplicities that wander in the

world asking for home in the hearts of the poor in spirit ! We take joy in the thought that we are the children of a later and larger growth ; and it is true we have conveniences and luxuries denied to earlier generations ; but are we *happier* than our ancestors ? Many of us, at any rate, are unhappy in spite of modern luxuries ; and the question arises : is modern progress travelling towards greater unrest or greater happiness ?

He taught young men to be simple ; he also asked them to be sincere. " One sincere mind," he said, " will move the gods, and heaven and earth will be moved too." But the test of sincerity, he urged, was sacrifice. To act in complete sincerity, he taught, was to spend one's all in the service of others. " My way", he said, " is to sacrifice oneself to save others." He practised the truth he preached. He refused to receive a salary for his work in the villages. " Why", he said, " should men who want to help their country receive a salary for doing so ? They should return their salary with the request that the money be devoted to the cause, and they should live as the poorest of the poor, bearing all hardships patiently, and giving all their time and energy to the

country's service." What a powerful protest this teaching against those who scramble for power and position in the name of patriotism! For *power* this patriot substituted *love*—love expressed as service to the poor. One of his favourite maxims was:—"Heaven's love cares for all creatures." "My method of reform," he said, "is to love the people." And on this principle of love he based his politics. "The aim of my reform," he said, "is to establish the welfare of the people and not to encourage avaricious and selfish government." Therefore he urged that officials must practise economy. "To limit the expenditure of the officials," he said, "is the foundation of a benevolent government." He repeatedly asked the officials to reform themselves in order to serve the people; and he realised the truth that the test of a country was not its material wealth but the character of the people. An official once asked him what was the most effective way of constructing a canal in a district. The patriot said: "To improve the condition of the people". "But", said the official, "I want to hear, not about the people, but about the construction of a canal". "But who", pertinently asked the

patriot, "are to build the canal if not the people? And if they be indolent or luxury-loving, not self-reliant and industrious, what can your canals do?" Reform the people—this was an important point in his political programme; and he endured unpopularity, opposition, insults for the sake of helping the people to help themselves. The path of service, I have often said, is not the path of popularity. And this servant of the people had to face the cruel intrigues of cliques. From time to time, when troubled by intrigues, he retired to a quiet place to fast and pray; and he returned with renewed strength to battle for the right. He believed in the value of fasts; he fasted when intrigues assailed him; he fasted when people suffered from famine; once he fasted twentyone days and prayed, day and night, for his people.

Sad was the condition of peasants in his days; caste-consciousness was strong in Japan; the farmer was looked upon by the official as a menial servant; peasants were poor, ignorant and, many of them, indolent. This patriot realised that Japan could not become great as long as the status of her peasantry was not raised. Germany gave the lead to Europe in the Co-operative movement; but years

before Germany had her Co-operative Societies, this eastern lover of his land had developed the idea of a Co-operative Credit Society; his disciples called it the 'Hotokusha,' literally, 'Society for Returning Virtues.' It was not merely *economic*: it was inspired by a high *moral* motive. The object of the society was to bring together the poor for mutual help in opening up wild lands, improving irrigation and roads, repairing bridges and river banks. Today, the society has many branches in Japan. The central society gives financial help and advice to the branches; and the branch societies give help to poor men in trade and industry. Every member lays aside every day a portion of his earnings and pays the amount collected at the end of the month as his monthly subscription to the branch society. These monthly subscriptions are supplemented by occasional contributions. The members are poor, and their small savings go to swell the fund. One of them saved some amount by economising expenses on his son's marriage ceremony; another realised a small amount by selling superfluous clothing; another made ropes at night; yet another gave up smoking and drinking; and the amounts thus

saved were contributed to the branch fund. These amounts, supplemented by others received from the central society, are given to the poor to help them in agriculture and trade; part of the realization is also used in charity and for public benefit. The dominating motive of the society is to build *character* on the basis of self-reliance and service.

I shall not tell of all he did for the poor. He taught them new methods of farming; he gave them land and implements; he himself worked, from time to time, in the fields to give them an object-lesson in industry; he built homes for them; he opened waste lands that they might prosper; he made for them good roads and bridges; he worked in forests to clear away the undergrowth; he gave them rice and corn in famine days; he held arbitration courts to settle their disputes every day; he rebuked them for their faults and encouraged them in all things good. "The reason," he said to some who came to him for help, "why your village is poor is not lack of water for your fields but your own laziness." Nature, he taught, was the teacher of man; and he repeatedly asked the villagers to give up inertia and follow nature. "Every

thing in the universe,' he said, 'is in a state of incessant activity; nature is never idle; so she is always flourishing. If men will learn from this to labour, certainly then they will find it impossible to become poor'. He asked them, therefore, to cultivate their lands with labour; and by studying local conditions, the possibilities of soils and situations, he helped them with his advice, and thus enabled them to build up the prosperity of their homes and villages. No wonder the people loved him; they obeyed him; they called him their father. Hans Anderson has a story of some one who had the magical power of unlocking people's hearts and seeing what was inside! Such a man was this Sontoku of Japan; and several of those who met him said of him that he could 'read the hearts of men like the pages of an open book!' Since-
 rity and sympathy and self-sacrifice gave him a wonderful insight into the needs of the peasants and young men of Japan. India, too, needs men to help her peasants and build up the life of her village-folk. Once they wove their own cloth and tilled with joy their own soil and told their traditional tales and sang their bards' and poets' songs. To-day their

economic environment has changed; parasitic landlords and greedy shop-keepers take advantage of their ignorance and poverty; who will help them to-day to recover their right to the land and to work—free from the fear of the landlord, the *bania* and the petty official—among the forces and wealth of Nature? Who will help them to re-organise their village-communities, to improve their material, economic conditions, to be equipped with the power of knowledge and understand the meaning of political freedom? Who will help our village artisans and craftsmen? Who will help the handloom weavers, the brass-smiths who still make beautiful household utensils, the cottage workers? They need modern outlook on life; they need modern implements. As it is, they are starving for lack of encouragement. Co-operative Societies of Peasants and Weavers and other workers can do much. Who will take up the task and the burden?

One of the wise sayings of Sontoku was that when things went wrong, the people must blame themselves, and not somebody else. When was a nation helped by spending its strength in finding fault with others? We

declined in the day we rested fondly on the heritage of our past, forgetting that to pay our debt to the Ancestors, it was necessary to enrich that heritage with contributions of our own; inertia set in; our vision of life was obscured. Some in our midst have awakened to-day to a new consciousness; and on them is laid the obligation to communicate the new impulse and carry the new knowledge to others.

Dead leaves
Conceal the Old Path;
Sweep them away and see
The footprints of God!

So wrote this Patriot of Japan in one of his pretty little poems. And if India is to re-arise, youngmen must come quickly to sweep away 'the dead leaves' which conceal the paths where lie the footprints of God; young men must clear away the customs and conventions which have long choked the current of our life. That means much misunderstanding, much trouble, much sacrifice; it may mean the anguish of being wounded in the House of your own friends. But such anguish is the oblation acceptable to the gods who stand behind us in the strivings of to-day; and the hope of the Nation is not in passion and pride but in unseen sacrifices of the Servants of the People.

SOME IRISH IDEALISTS

Ireland, it has been said, has a long memory. Ireland has, also, a mighty faith in herself. She remembers her sufferings. Has she still in her heart the Seinn Fein dream? The "new treaty," wrote an English journal, "is not a Home Rule Bill. It is a Revolution." Seinn Fein does not think so. Seinn Fein does not regard the "Irish Free State" as answering Ireland's full claims to Freedom. More than one Irish plenipotentiary said frankly during the debate in the Dail that they signed the Agreement in London in the "anguish" of that night when the British Premier told them that rupture would mean immediate war upon Ireland! The alternative to their refusal to sign the Treaty, they said, was *immediate war*. And they signed the Agreement because they loved their country and felt that Ireland could not resist the military power of England. Mr. Gavan Daffy said frankly, he "did not love the Treaty now any more than he loved it when he signed it." They all said,—he added,—that this Treaty would not lead to permanent Peace.

So Mr. O'Higgins who also asked the Dail to ratify the Treaty confessed that he would not call it "a Magna Charta of Irish liberty or a final settlement of Ireland's claim". The British navy will control Ireland's coastal defence, and a British aristocrat will be her Governor-General. Ireland gets the Dominion status. The Seinn Fein dream was that of a Republic. Among those who will be remembered as witnesses to that Dream may be mentioned three of Ireland's noblest sons—De Valera, Padric Pearse and Mac Swiney. The last two died worshipping that Dream. De Valera believes profoundly in that Dream and so he asked the Dail not to approve of the Treaty. British papers have accused him of vanity. History's verdict will, I believe, be different. The conflict between Arthur Griffiths and De Valera is a conflict between '*statesmanship*' and *Idealism*. In the course of his speech in the Dail—a speech charged with deep emotion,—De Valera urged that to bring Ireland within the British Empire was to set boundaries to the march of a Nation. Griffiths is a scholar: De Valera's speeches impress me with a note of *spirituality*.

De Valera's Dream,—the Dream of a Republic,—was also the Dream of Pearse. The

name of that 'Rebel' is dear to Ireland. There is a beautiful saying in that country,—“Kings with plumes may adorn their hearse, but angel meet the soul of Padric Pearse.” A Nation, he urged, is a Sovereign People. He believed that Ireland could not fulfil her Destiny until she became an Independent Sovereign Republic. And his vision of Ireland was not free Ireland merely but also Gaelic Ireland. He believed in the vital values of Irish language and literature. He believed, I regret, in physical force, the supreme vision of Indian sages was not his. Yet even in his days Norway won her freedom without using force. A lover of literature, a child-like soul who rejoiced in the company of little boys and nature's sights and sounds, he led the Rising of 1916 and was the last to leave when fire drove out his Republican Forces. They tried him by court-martial; he received the sentence of execution with the calm dignity and simplicity of a patriot. In one of his Books is a beautiful poem expressing his Ideal in words so tender and so true that I am tempted to quote it:—

“I have squandered the splendid years :

Lord, if I had the years I would squander

them over again . . .

Aye, fling them from me !

For this I have head in my heart that a
man shall scatter, not heard,

Shall do the deed of to-day, nor take
thought of to-morrow's tears,

Shall not bargain or huckster with God; or
was it a jest of Christ's

And is this my sin before men, to have
taken him at His word ?”

Then comes a passage literally fulfilled in
the day Government executed this lover of
Ireland,—one of the noblest of men in East or
West:—

“ Lord ! I have staked my soul, I have
staked the lives of my kin

On the truth of Thy dreadful word. Do
not remember my failures,

But remember this my faith.”

Yet another of the noble band of Irish
patriots,—*idealists in action*,—was Mac-
Swiney. The way he deliberately chose to
die may not be intellectually justified and
may seem to be in conflict with the ethical
ideal of those who regard any form of suicide
as wrong ; but not one, I think, would deny
that it showed unique *strength of character*.

And it will be remembered as a stern impeachment of a government which refused to prevent the death of so gifted a patriot. For who will deny that in his heart was a burning flame? His was a life of wonderful self-dedication to Ireland. His posthumous book, "Principles of Freedom" reveals what a rich soul dwelt in that form which they called MacSwiney. It is a book I should ask every young man to read carefully. It deserves to be translated into Indian vernaculars. It is a book one thinks of at this hour when Ireland is marching to Freedom. In the last chapter of the Book he refers to the Irish struggle as being "without a parallel in the Annals of the world;" and he epitomizes the whole history of the struggle in two words:—*Liberty Inevitable*. The book is dedicated "to Soldiers of Freedom in every land." It should be of special interest and appeal to young men who would sustain the present Indian struggle to victory. Let me note a few of the ideas in the book which should be of value to Young India:—

(1) *Subjection demoralises a nation*:—"We fight for freedom not for the hope of material profit or comfort but because every

fine instinct of manhood demands that man be free and life be beautiful and brave."

(2) *Non-violent revolution* :—"No violent convulsion should be needed to make us free; if men were but consistent (sincere), we should find ourselves waking from a wicked dream to a bloodless and beautiful revolution."

(3) *Canker of Co-operation* :—MacSwiney quotes from Michiaville's "*The Prince*," the following :—"Men are either to be flattered and indulged or utterly destroyed," and significantly adds :—"We think of the titles and the bribes"! Again quoting from the same Italian author :—"A town that has been anciently free cannot more easily be kept in subjection than by employing its own citizens,"—MacSwiney says :—"We think of the place-hunter, the 'loyal address'." Again :—"Such allurements must mean demoralisation."

(4) *Extremists* :—"The true irreconcilable is the simple lover of the truth."

(5) *Unity* :—"If Ireland is to be regenerated we must have internal Unity." "If we are threatened by a civil war of creeds, it may undo us."

(6) *Idealism* :—"We are all dreamers; but some have ugly dreams, while the dreams

of others are beautiful worlds, star-lighted and full of music."

"A spiritual necessity makes the true significance of our claim to freedom."

"It is love of country that inspires us,—not hate of the enemy and desire for full satisfaction for the past."

"Be firm rather than aggressive."

"We must get men to realise that to live is as daring as to die."

"Teach a man that the Englishman is in a deep sense his brother."

"We shall build up our strength, yet not for conquest but as a pledge of brotherhood."

(7) *Conditions of Swaraj* :—"Strengthen the individual character."

"Every act of powerful discipline is contributing to a subconscious reservoir whence our nobler energies are supplied for ever."

"If we cannot cure the Nation of absurdity, we cannot set her free."

"There can be independent co-operation, where of use, with those honest men who will not go the whole way."

"We must prepare the ground and sow the seed for the rich ripeness of maturity."

“There is the common error that a man’s work for his country should be based on the assumption that it should bear full effect in his own time. A man must be prepared to labour for an end that may be realised only in another generation.” “Let us not be afraid of being few at first. An earnest band is more effective than a discreditable multitude. That band will increase in numbers and strength till it becomes the nucleus of an army that will be invincible.”

It were easy to give many more quotations did space permit. MacSwiney and Pearse, may by the Imperialist be called ‘Rebels,’ but through ‘these ‘Rebels’ and other Irish Idealists has spoken the Soul of Freedom. They have a message. It is expressed in the great word,—their watch-word,—*Seinn Fein*. That word means simply ‘*Ourselves*.’ It stands for the ideal of *Self-Reliance*. Swaraj, as I have often said, is *Self-Reliance*. India has long looked outside herself for salvation. India’s *mukti* lies in her *return to her own self*. No Round Table Conferences I humbly submit will solve the Indian Problem. MacSwiney has a wise saying in his book: “Modern Governments,” he says,

. . .

concede justice to those who can compel justice. We can compel justice when there grows that big thing which no imperialism and no physical force can successfully resist,—the Soul of a Nation. India is beginning to find her Soul. Let it grow. Let it gather discipline and moral strength. It will prove greater than material force. It will break our chains. It will help and heal the world half-mad, also with the hatred born of the narrowing lust of greed and gold.

THE WITNESS OF A REBEL

In an earlier sketch, I have referred to, Padric Pearse. Two of his books should make a special appeal to Young India. One is named "Songs of the Irish Rebels"; the other is "The Story of a Success." A 'Rebel' is a lover of his country; and Pearse loved Ireland with extraordinary love. He believed a nation could not win freedom except in arms; I believe in *ahimsa*. But none who knows how nobly he perished in the struggle for Freedom can fail to offer him a rich tribute of his heart. He did not hoard his life; he spent it all, according to *his* lights, in the service of his Nation. He was a 'Rebel,'—a lover of his country; and the two books I have named are charged through and through with that love, which, whether it be of man for woman, or woman for man or either for the Nation, is essentially sacred as opening a window for a vision of the Beautiful, the Free. Here are two lines from a Gaelic poem in the "Songs of the Irish Rebels,"—a poem filled with a truly Oriental mysticism of love:—"O Peter, O

Apostle, hast thou seen my bright Love ? I saw Him even now in the midst of His foemen." The thought of the poem has a ring of the East ; is not Christianity a gift of East to West ?

Yet another moving song in the volume ; it is a song in which a girl who is love-sick calls for her lad ; and the student of Hindu romantic literature will recall some of the passages in which Radha bewails her lost Krishna :—

When I go to the Well of Loneliness
 I sit down making lamentation
 When I see the world and see not my lad
 Who had the shadow of amber mantling in his cheeks.
 Yon is the Sunday I gave you love,
 The very Sunday before Easter Sunday,
 When I was on my knees reading the Passion,
 My two eyes were constantly giving you love.
 You have taken East, you have taken West from me,
 You have taken the path before me, and the path behind
 me,
 You have taken moon, you have taken sun from me
 And great is my fear you have taken God from me.

The other volume, "The Story of a Success", gives a beautiful account of a National School started by this Irish 'Rebel'. It was a School established on the principle which he regarded as the fundamental principle of life,—the principle of freedom.

Freedom in education,—was his favourite teaching. Self-government was given to boys in the School; they elected annually their captain, officers and committees; they elected their leaders; they had the right to depose them; they made rules to govern the School; they tried cases of misconduct in the School and, in several other ways, they controlled the institution. Pearse's National School—Sgoil Eanna he named it,—was a students' republic. There was a time, indeed, when several institutions in mediæval Europe were managed by pupils; government or institutions was in the hands of a select body of students. It was the belief of this Irish nationalist that freedom would bring out the best among boys; and to read "*The Story of a Success*" is to know that this beautiful experiment in self-government proved to be a brilliant success.

His conception of a National School was:—*fellowship* between students and the staff filled with faith in Ireland and *filled with heroic spirit*. He wished every student to be "the disciple of a master." "A School," he said, "was less a place than a little group of persons, a teacher and his pupils. Philosophy

was not crammed out of text books, but was learned at the knee of some great philosopher; art was learned in the studio of some master-artist, and craft in the workshop of some master-craftsman. Always it was the personality of the master that made the school, never the State that built it of brick and mortar, drew up a code of rules to govern it and sent hirelings into it to carry out its decrees." Irish language, Irish literature, Irish history, Irish games had the first place in the studies of his pupils; but he neither denounced nor ignored English language, literature, history or games. In a passage in "*The Story of a Success*," he says:—"What I mean by an Irish School is a School that takes Ireland for granted. You need not praise the Irish language,—simply speak it; you need not denounce English games,—play Irish ones; you need not ignore foreign history, foreign literatures,—deal with them from the Irish point of view. An Irish school need no more be a purely Irish-speaking school than an Irish nation need be a purely Irish speaking nation; but an Irish School like a Irish nation must be permeated through and through by Irish Culture." And a Nation School in India, I have pleaded again and again

must be permeated through and through with the spirit of Indian culture.

The one lesson this Irish 'rebel' taught his boys was, as he himself so beautifully expresses it, "*that no one can finely live who hoards life too jealously, that one must be generous in service and withal joyous, accounting even supreme sacrifices light.*" Will our National Schools base their activities on these two principles,—Freedom and Sacrifice? These two were the dominant notes of the student-life as it was lived in the *asramas* of old; and Aryan students went out into the world *strong and free*, and served India as men "filled with heroic spirit". And if, in the midst of much that is loveless and vulgar in our life, I cling to this ancient soil with reverent hands and kiss its very dust as something consecrate, it is because I believe the Spirit of our Heroes is not dead but only awaits our Sacrifice to lift India again to the heights where-dwells Liberty,—our Love.

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